

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sundays by The Press Publishing Company, Room 100, 45 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 65 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 65 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 65 Park Row.
Office at Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World, \$5.00 per Annum in Advance.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,149

THE UNASCERTAINABLE.
FORCED from its debut attitude by The Evening World's fight for fair telephone rates, the New York Telephone Company has ascertained the "unascertainable."

After loud protests that it could not supply the figures, and repeated efforts at postponement and evasion, it has at last filed with the Public Service Commission data which show that its net returns from business in this city amounted last year, after all deductions, to \$10,635,271. Net revenue showed an increase of some \$500,000 over the preceding year.

The company is reported to be seriously considering the wisdom of voluntarily bringing down all its rates to a permanent basis rather than continue to resist public demand until the Public Service Commission has appraised its physical property.

There are powerful influences that might help the company to see light in this direction. The stock of the New York Telephone Company is owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Perhaps the parent corporation will see little use in a protracted investigation, likely to reveal the way in which enormous profits gained from New York patrons have been spent, not to give these patrons cheaper telephone service but to nurse monopolies and schemes of expansion in districts outside of New York.

Mr. Bryan wants to go to the Senate. Well, it's the most comfortable club in America and members are rarely suspended for talking out loud.

THE MAN OF INFLUENCE.
TESTIMONY which points to the indictment of James E. Gaffney, "man of great influence" in Tammany, discloses a pathway of Tammany graft that leads from a firm of Pittsburgh contractors straight to the door of the Wisconsin.

Investigation conducted by The World supplied the Grand Jury with a graphic account of the careers of \$41,250, the price Patterson Brothers paid for the award of an \$825,000 contract—No. 33 of the Catskill Aqueduct system. From the moment when James W. Patterson conferred with Gaffney and found the latter's "expert advice" would cost him 5 per cent. of the coveted contract to the moment when the \$41,250, after slipping from bank account to bank account, left the hands of stakeholder James G. Shaw for the pocket of somebody whose name Mr. Shaw is vouching his brains to remember, the Tammany trail lies over it all.

To "make connections" with Tammany Hall, contractors big and small sought Gaffney. To connect with the inner facts of how Tammany made Aqueduct contracts and "divided" the swag among its "big influences," the State, too, begins to hunt on James E. Gaffney.

Miss Civic Pride on top of the Municipal Building is beginning to wonder if she lit on the wrong perch.

IF WE GET HIM.

NEW YORK gets Col. George W. Goethals for Police Commissioner it will have at the head of its 10,000 guardians a man thoroughly accustomed to responsibility, trained to organize and handle men, a man unused to dictation, who has utterly outgrown the habit of looking to anybody for orders. It will have a man free from entanglement with any local political interests, individual or machine. It will have a man fresh from a stupendous task, with the authority and prestige that come from the consciousness of achievement. It will have a man of proved character and ideals, a strong man, a modest man—a man any city in the country would be proud to count among its public servants.

ROMANCE IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

WE WONDER why the story writers who make romances about pretty school teachers so often take the trouble to send their readers into the wild West.

In a public school right here in New York City of eighty-eight teachers no less than twenty-two were either married or became engaged during a period of twenty-four school months. The astonishing annals of this schoolhouse, as set forth in The Sunday World Magazine to-morrow, make a testimonial for a flourishing matrimonial bureau. Out of twenty-one brides seven were lawyers, six are wives of business men and five selected husbands who are themselves teachers. Other schools look on with admiration.

Like these are a pleasant offset to the attitude of the Board of Education, which holds the school teacher wife only to her husband and mother only to other people's children.

Imagine the idea that anybody can ever write the door of a city schoolhouse: "All ye who here to teach leave matrimonial hope behind. There is nothing in it. On the contrary.

Rumors Still Needs U. S.

That \$100,000,000 has been spent on the U. S. to make Russia independent of American aid. All efforts to enlarge the area of action in Transylvania and the Transcaucasus in Asiatic Russia have turned out to be failures.

WHAT A WOMAN EVER THINKS.

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As to Phases of Feminine Love.

"WHAT'S the matter with matrimony anyhow?" demanded the Bachelor with a shudder, as he flung down his hat and elated into a monastery to hear of all this divorcing and giving of alimony."

"Has somebody been proposing to you—again?" inquired the Optimist sympathetically, laying down her embroidery frame.

"Not—er—not to-day," acknowledged the Bachelor. "It wouldn't have been propitious. I've got that tired feeling."

"True love," remarked the Optimist cheerfully, "resembling her embroidery and carefully taking a stitch in an impossible pink orchid, 'must run its course.' And yours looks as though it had about reached the second phase."

"Really?" mocked the Bachelor. "How many phases—er—how many kinds of love are there?"

"There is only ONE kind of real love—and fifty-seven varieties of imitations," returned the Optimist calmly. "But there are three phases of every love affair. The love-germ MUST pass through all of these sooner or later whether its victims are married or not. Like any other disease, it must take its course."

"Humph!" commented the Bachelor. "I never noticed them. It all seemed just one phase—or phase—to me. And then came 'the finish.'"

"Then you've never been REALLY in love—yet," explained the Optimist. "That," and she smiled up at him sweetly, "is still in store for you."

"The Bachelor groaned softly and lit a cigarette. "Tell me about the three 'phases,'" he pleaded. "I want to know my fate."

"The first," announced the Optimist lightly, "is that stage in which the man makes a fool of himself."

One Certain Stage.

"THAT'S easy!" scoffed the Bachelor. "The second is that stage in which the woman makes a fool of herself. And the third—"

The Optimist hesitated and bit a thread thoughtfully.

"Go on!" urged the Bachelor eagerly.

"Is that stage in which one of them makes a fool of the other?" she finished.

"One of them? Which one?" demanded the Bachelor suspiciously.

"It all depends," said the Optimist mysteriously, "on which of them 'wakes up' first. In the beginning of a love-affair, you know, a man is all devotion and eagerness and a woman is all doubt and coyness. Everything she does seems right to him; everything she wears is beautiful; everything she says is brilliant, or 'cute,' or clever. He can't get enough of her society. He calls too early, and has to be MENT home, and—"

"In short, he makes a fool of himself—and she helps him along," suggested the Bachelor bitterly.

"But that heavenly condition of things can't last forever," stated the Optimist. "He is bound to discover, sooner or later, that she is not a saint—glorious, saint, but just a HUMAN BEING. And this is such a shock to him that, little by little, it turns all his devotion into criticism. That is the second phase of love."

"What is?" queried the Bachelor.

"The stage in which a man stops flattering a woman and begins picking flaws in her," explained the Optimist; "when he begins to call a 'little late, and go home early; when he suddenly observes that there ARE other women in the world and—oh, you know!'"

"Yes, I know!" sighed the Bachelor reminiscently.

The Awakening.

"AND then," continued the Optimist, "by some odd quirk in feminine nature the woman suddenly awakens; and for the first time she is actually SURE that she loves the man. The thought of losing him appalls her, and she begins weeping or quarrelling or nagging."

"Or asking questions!" groaned the Bachelor. "Do you love me? Did you love me? WILL you love me forever?"

"You seem to know a lot about it," commented the Optimist, stabbing the pink orchid violently through the heart.

"Never mind ME!" urged the Bachelor. "Let's get to the third stage. Do they make it up then, and live happily forever after?"

"Yes," agreed the Optimist. "They usually DO make it up—and ONE of them lives happily forever after."

"WHICH one?" persisted the Bachelor desperately.

"That depends," repeated the Optimist with a cryptic smile, "on whether the woman decides that one kiss of indifference from that particular man is worth a hundred kisses of devotion from any other man, and resigns herself to her fate—or whether she suddenly concludes that the game isn't worth the candle."

"And throws him over?" scoffed the Bachelor.

"Oh, no!" protested the Optimist. "And simply embalm her love, put it away in cold storage and goes right on acting as though nothing had happened."

"I see!" said the Bachelor, as the light slowly dawned on him. "But how is a fellow to know WHICH?"

"He never does," sighed the Optimist. "A woman's REAL opinion of a man—that is the Eternal Question, the Secret of the Sphinx!"

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A Missouri Judge has decided that the husband is the boss of the home, but as he is a bachelor the poor man didn't know any better.—New Orleans States.

Dr. Wiley says divorces will soon end. Men are well fed, but he is not to overlook the fact that the door of divorce is usually the door to the lobster palace.—New Orleans States.

American boast that they are a free people, yet to-day they are bearing the yolk of the egg trust.—New Orleans States.

According to the lingerie advertisements, when a girl says she has "nothing to wear" take her at her word.—Macon Telegraph.

There is an old and very human Spanish proverb that contends that both a guest and a fish are odorous after three days.—Macon Telegraph.

It is a good rule to believe only half of what you hear, but it takes a smart man to know which half is the right one.—Topeka Journal.

Don't lay it up against President Wilson that Judge Parker has praised him warmly. Mr. Wilson couldn't help it.—Topeka Journal.

If sugar is cheaper than it has been in fifteen years, why is the price of candy still among the stars?—Macon Appeal.

Why Not?

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FUSSY OFFICIALS COMPLAIN OF LACK OF FLOOR SPACE IN NEW \$15,000,000 MUNICIPAL BUILDING NEWS ITEM

WHY NOT? AREAL OUTSIDE OFFICES

WHY NOT USE ELEVATORS FOR OFFICES?

WHY NOT TO ECONOMIZE FLOOR SPACE

WHY NOT USE STAIRS NOBODY USES THEM.

WHY NOT? MY OFFICE IS ON THE FIFTH STEP OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH STAIRWAY

WHY NOT? DESK ON END OCCUPIES LESS FLOOR SPACE

WHY NOT? OWING TO LACK OF FLOOR SPACE NO FAT MEN NEED APPLY FOR JOBS

WHY NOT? NEW CIVIL SERVICE RULE WHY NOT?

WHY NOT? TENTS ON ROOF

WHY NOT? CITY DEPT

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You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor.

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A BEAUTY FALLACY EXPLODED.

"MIGHT I inquire," asked the Average Girl, "why you are rubbing your teeth with a slice of orange?"

"To make them white, give them a slice of orange."

"Dr. Gies of the Department of Chemistry at Columbia recommends using a solution of one part citric vinegar and two parts water on the teeth twice daily. But you must be careful that this vinegar is made from apples and not adulterated with mineral acids."

"Personally I prefer orange juice, for it tastes better and it can be used undiluted. The easiest way is to squeeze an orange on the tooth brush and rub this over the teeth two or three times and then rinse the mouth with water. Try it and see if your teeth ever felt cleaner or looked whiter. Raw apples are also a fine preservative for the enamel. It is said that people who eat them every day almost invariably have sound teeth."

"Are all acids good for the teeth?" "Don't run away with that idea. My dentist says that the distinction between mineral acids and fruit acids must be thoroughly understood. Hydrochloric acid, which forms the basis of a tooth wash called spirits of salt, sometimes put up by druggists, will quickly eat away the enamel of the teeth and cause them to crumble away and decay. Nitric, sulphuric or phosphoric, or, in fact, any other mineral acids are just as bad."

"How about lemons? Is it proper to hand the teeth a lemon?" "All fruit acids are helpful. Lemon juice should be diluted with about two-thirds of water, as it is rather strong to use pure."

"Dental 'caries,' which was the scientific name my dentist used for a cavity in a tooth when he explained the subject to me, is produced by an acid product formed by fermentation of starches and sugars. This acid-yielding substance adheres to the enamel of the teeth and is exceedingly difficult to dislodge. Ordinary tooth powder only slicks over it. But a weak fruit acid such as orange juice or diluted elder vinegar moves

polish and also to prevent expensive visits to the dentist," replied the Woman of Thirty, keeping on with the good work.

"You're crazy," said the Girl, "the acid in the fruit will ruin the enamel and you'll have underdressed teeth before you know it."

"Not a bit of it. You are hopelessly behind the times. That is an exploded fallacy. The chemists in one of the greatest universities in the country, who have been working on the causes of decay of the teeth for years, have at last come to the conclusion that the usual methods of cleansing the teeth are not very efficacious at best and sometimes really harmful. And they are now recommending food acid to preserve and beautify the teeth."

"But I always understood," objected the Girl, "that it was the acid in the food that caused the teeth to decay."

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By Maurice Ketten